

AN ELEGY

Upon *Marsh's* one of the two publick Sworn Informers against Protestant Religious meetings in the City of London, who lately dyed very miserably in the Prison of the Counter.

Uxor a Tergo Deus.

GO set Scotch Bag-Pipes to the briskest Notes,
But let the *Singing men* rend all their Throats,
Hang *Tyburn* round with *Blacks*, and let *Ketch*
Squeeze

His Eyes to Tears, having thus lost his Fees;
My self (like a young Widdow) fain would Cry,
But like her too, I know not how, nor why;
Muse! get an *Onion* quickly, or else Woe
Some *Irish Poet* for *A Ha-la-loo*;
Oh *Hone!* Oh! *Hone!* tell us what didst thou ail
Thus to trappan thy self into a Jail?
Thou hadst a stout *Protection* and ris'd
A lumping *Pension* for good service paid:
Some *Bribes* thou got'st, and many a penalty
Was due we trow, and why then wouldst thou dye?
Thy *Cloven-footed Masters* work's not done,
Thou shouldst have ruin'd thousands ere thou'dst gone!
Thou shouldst have made each *Nonconformist* bow,
And left them all as *Poor* as thou wert now;
Then mounted on State with solemn pride,
Thou mightst to Hell in *gilded Chariot* ride:
Been *Pluto's Vice-Roy*, and preferred more
Than *Judas*, or thy Brethren all before.
But now alas! thou scarce canst get i'th end
To be the Groom o'th *Close Stool Chamber* to the Fiend;
But tis in vain thus to *Expostulate*,
For poor *Informers* warrant's out of date;
The *Man of Gath* is sal'n that did so stickle,
And swor to confound each *Conventicle*;
Grim death hath by a *Seizure* snatcht him hence;
For to receive his *Deer-earn'd* Recompence:
Follow the Scent, and from the *Stygian Lake*,
Fit Junk for such a wretched Subject take;

Black as his Trade let every Line appear,
And each Ear Tingle his sad Fate shall hear,
Not that I am of that *Presumptious* fry,
whose sawcy fingers *Pick-lock* Destiny,
Who snatch *Fates book*, and furiously transpose
To Judgements all misfortunes of their Foes;
Virtue may be unhappy, and sometimes
Success here waits upon the worst of crimes,
It is another Day, a clearer Light
Must set all these seeming disorders right;
Yet must we grant that Heaven does now and then
Visibly punish *Irreligious Men*,
And against none Ys Arrows ofmer fly
Than these sworn *Enemies to Piety*,
A *Persecuting Spirit* never yet
But in a Cloud of shame and sorrow set;
Just God! how equal are thy punishments
Thus blasting base *Designs* with sad Events;
Though *Crafty* in self woven Nets is wrapt
And in the *Pirch* digg'd for others, trap;
Hark how the Ravens and the Screech-Owls cries
With frightful Echoes chaunt his obsequies.
Whether he's gone now *Dead* I shal not say
But whilst alive he took the broader way
If *Pythagorean Tenets* are not flams
He's grown a *Wolf* by this, and worries *Lambs*.

An Epitaph.

Stray Reader! and Piss here, for it is said!
Under this Dirt there's an Informer laid,
If Heaven be pleas'd when Mortals cease from sin
And Hell be pleas'd when Villains enter in,
If Earth be pleas'd when it entombs a Knave,
Sure all are pleas'd, for *Marsh's* in his Grave.